Hell. That he haue his, call vp ſome gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord cals,

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordſhip call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is ſome of worth wold come aboard, I pray greete them fairely.

Enter Lyſimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, reſolue you.

Lyſ. Haile reuerent ſir, the Gods preſerue you.

Hell. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lyſ. You wiſh me well; being on ſhore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, ſeeing this goodly veſſell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. Firſt, what is your place?

Lyſ. I am the Gouernor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our veſſel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not ſpoken to any one, nor taken ſuſtenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lyſ. Vpon what ground is this diſtemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe ſprings from the loſſe of a beloued daughter, and a wife.

Lyſ. May we not ſee him?

Hell. You may, but bootleſſe is your ſight, he will not ſpeake to any.

Lyſ. Let me obtaine my wiſh.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly perſon, till the diſaſter that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lyſ. Sir King, all haile, the Gods preſerue you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not ſpeake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durſt wager would win ſome words of him.

Lyſ. Tis well bethought, ſhe queſtionleſſe with her ſweete harmony, and other choſen attractions, would allure & make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are mid-way ſtopt,

ſtopt, ſhe is all happy, as the fai
now vpon the leuie ſhelter tha

Hell. Sure all effectleſſe, ye
recoueries name. But ſince you
farre, let vs beſeech you, that f
on, wherein wee are not deſtit
ſtaleneſſe.

Lyſ. O ſir, a courteſie, whic
God for euery graffe would
our Prouince: yet once more l
the cauſe of your Kings ſorrow

Hell. Sit ſir, I will recount it

Enter

Lyſ. O heere's the Lady that
Welcome faire one: Iſt not a g

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lyſ. Shee's ſuch a one, that
Came of a gentle kinde and no
Iue wiſh no better choiſe, and
Faire & all goodneſſe that con
Expect euen heere, where is a k
If that thy properous and artifi
Can draw him but to anſwer th
Thy ſacred Phyſicke ſhall rece
As thy deſires can wiſh.

Mar. Sir, I will vſe my vtter
ded, that none but I and my
come neere him.

Lyſ. Come, let vs leaue her
rous.

Lyſ. Markt he your muſicke

Mar. No, nor lookt on vs.

Lyſ. See, ſhe will ſpeake to h

Mar. Haile ſir, my Lord, le

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord,
haue beene gazed on like a Co